

# THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

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Capt. Sir Edward Chichester, who commanded the British squadron at Manila during the Spanish-American war, has been made an admiral.

The Tribune announces that the members of the American colony in Rome have decided to present statues of Longfellow and Hawthorne to that city.

The American colony in Berlin turned out, on the night of the 14th, in large numbers, to attend a minstrel show given by 40 American musical students for the benefit of the girl's club.

A census of the unemployed in Berlin, taken on the 23d, indicates that, so far as the count has proceeded, there are 73,000 persons totally without employment and about 40,000 partially unemployed.

Gen. Egbert Brown, who was in command of the Union troops at Brazos, Tex., in the last battle of the civil war, fought after peace had been declared, died, on the 11th, at West Plains, Mo., aged 83 years.

The navy department received a cablegram from Rear-Admiral Rodgers, at Cavite, on the 13th, announcing that Sergeant B. McSwiney, of the marine corps, was killed in action at Balangiga, Samar, on the 3d inst.

An agreement has been reached by which the Ikin, or provincial duties, now collected by the provisional government in China, will, on the dissolution of that authority, revert to the control of the foreign customs.

Washington Gill, for many years engineer of Richmond, Va., and later superintendent of construction of the bridge across the Missouri river at St. Charles, Mo., died at his home in Kansas City, Mo., aged 83 years.

An increase of the salary of the minister to Persia from \$5,000 to \$7,000 has been recommended by the senate committee on foreign relations. The post is said to be one of the most expensive in the diplomatic service.

The Kingston (Jamaica) Daily Telegraph gives prominence to a report, circulating in official circles there, that an American syndicate is making tentative inquiry with the view of acquiring control of the Jamaica government railroad.

Thirty-two Japanese laborers, imported from Wyoming and California by the Victor Fuel Co., to work in the Chandler coal mine at Coal Creek, Col., arrived there on the 11th. All the miners employed there went on strike as a protest against the action of the company.

Z. T. Briggs, cashier of the Nebraska State Bank of West Point, Neb., died on a Burlington train near McCook, on the 11th. Briggs was identified with state politics for years and was a man of considerable wealth. He was on his way to Boulder, Colo., for the benefit of his health.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Jones has given formal notice that the new leases of the 480,000 acres of Kiowa Indian lands in Oklahoma, bordering on Texas, will take effect April 1, as originally proposed. An effort had been made to have the date postponed some months.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark and Princess Victoria occupied a box, on the night of the 14th, at the performance of "Arizona" at the Adelphi theater, London. King Edward expressed himself as greatly pleased with the performance.

The Berlin foreign office, on the 13th, pronounced incorrect the statement cabled thence that Germany was on the point of presenting an ultimatum to Venezuela. On the contrary, the outlook is improving, and a friendly settlement of the questions in dispute is most probable.

At a meeting of the Marconi wireless Telegraph Co., in London, on the 12th, it was announced that the directors of the company had insured the life of Mr. Marconi for £150,000. It was also reported that the Lloyds had exclusively adopted the Marconi system in connection with their signal stations.

At Detroit, on the 10th, Cashier Frank C. Andrews was placed under arrest on a warrant charging him with taking over a million dollars from the City savings bank without the authorization of the directors. He was arrested in the office of the Detroit Trust Co., arraigned and released on \$10,000 bail.

Judgment by default for \$20,000 against Prince Enghwa, the second son of the King of Corea, was entered by Chief Justice Bingham, in the circuit court for the District of Columbia, on the 14th. The plaintiffs are Wolff Bros. & Co., of New York city and Philadelphia, who sued on a promissory note made by the prince.

The industrial council of Vienna resolved, after a long debate, on the 12th, to postpone a decision on the reports of the various committees appointed to consider the best means of meeting American competition until European commercial politics crystallize sufficiently to indicate the most effective method for meeting that competition.

Reports from Willemstad, Island of Curacao, on the 13th, said: "It is reported here that the Venezuelan insurgents who had concentrated on Colombian soil have crossed the frontier of Tachira and are moving on San Cristobal."

## To The Shade of Washington

By RICHARD ALSOP.

[From "A Poem: Sacred to the Memory of George Washington, Late President," etc., written in the year 1800.]

**E**XALTED Chief—in thy superior mind, What vast resources, what various talents joined! Tempered with social virtue's milder rays, There patriot worth diffused a purer blaze; Formed to command respect, esteem inspire.

Midst statesmen grave, or midst the social choir, With equal skill the sword or pen to wield, In court great, unquailed in the field, Mid glittering courts or rural walks to please.

Polite with grandeur, dignified with ease; How faded the glowworm lusters of a crown, How sunk diminished in that radiance lost, The glare of conquest, and of power the boast.

Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim, Or Caesar's triumphs gild the Roman name, Stripped of the dazzling glare around them cast.

Shrinks at their crime humanity aghast; With equal claim to honor's glorious meed See Attila his course of havoc lead! O'er Asia realms, in one vast ruin hurled, See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurled. On base far different from the conqueror's claim.

Rests the unsullied column of thy fame; His on the woes of millions proudly based, With blood cemented and with tears defaced.

Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime, By freedom strengthened and revered by time, He, as the Comet, whose portentous light Spread baleful splendor o'er the glooms of night.

With chill amazement fills the startled breast, While storms and earthquakes dire its course attest, And Nature trembles, lest in chaos hurled, Should sink the tottering fabric of the world.

Thou, like the Sun, whose kind propitious rays O'er the glad morn and lights the fields of day, Dispel the wintry storm, the chilling rain, With rich abundance clothes the smiling plain.

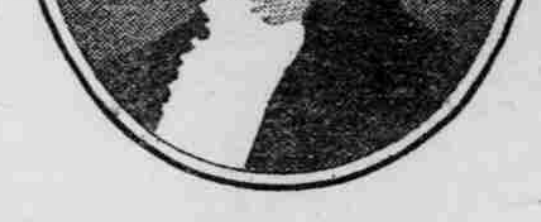
Give all creation to rejoice around, And life and light extends o'er nature's utmost bound.

Though shone thy life a model bright of praise, Not less the example bright thy death portrays. When, plunged in deepest woe, around thy bed, Each eye was fixed, despairing sunk each head, While Nature struggled with severest pain, And scarce could life's last lingering powers retain.

In that dread moment, awfully serene, No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien, No groan, no murmuring plaint, escaped thy tongue.

No lowering shadows on thy brows were hung; But calm in Christian hope, undamped with fear, Thou savest the high reward of virtue near.

On that bright morn in surest trust reposed, As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring near, Pleased, to the will of Heaven resigned thy breath, And smiled as Nature's struggles closed in death.



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## The Other Miss Eleanor

A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Zelia Margaret Walters

**E**LIZABETH came down the walk with hands folded complacently and shining eyes fixed on the hem of her frock. She walked sedately, because her sense of dignity forbade skipping for joy, as her feelings inclined. No wonder delight possessed her. For the first time, in the two years since father had gone to the war, she wore a gown and cloak and hood without a patch, to say nothing of stout new shoes and warm homespun petticoats.

Mrs. Noble, the captain's wife, had noted with kindly eyes that hard fro-

we were approaching a lonely part of the way, and Elizabeth walked faster; the man kept close behind her. She started to run, but before she had gone far his hand was on her shoulder.

"Not so fast, little mistress. You must walk with me now, and I will take your hand, to make sure of you. Do not fear. You will not be harmed if you are a good child."

Nothing more was said, and a little farther down the street he led her into a house. There were three men in British uniform in the room they entered. They whispered together a few



"NOT SO FAST, LITTLE MISTRESS. YOU MUST WALK WITH ME NOW."

tune had assailed the absent soldier's little family. Her latest bounty had been to invite Elizabeth to the house, whence she issued clad in a complete outfit of little Miss Eleanor's garments. Elizabeth's heart was full of grateful thoughts.

"I do so desire to serve Mrs. Noble," she said, softly. Then her mind went back to a strange thing that occurred. While Mrs. Noble was fitting the garments on her, they had heard the voices of two men in an adjoining room. The lady went quickly to the door and the voices became silent. Who could they be? Capt. Noble was with Washington; it could not be he. And yet rumor spoke of the daring and skill of the captain in venturing into this very city. British possessed as it was, and gathering valuable information for his beloved general.

But Elizabeth's attention was attracted at this moment by a man who seemed to be following her. She was a brave, quick-witted child, but her heart beat faster as she perceived that the man was in British uniform. They

minutes and then the oldest one, a kindly looking man, said:

"Where is your father, child?" "With Washington, sir," came Elizabeth's answer promptly.

"Ah, yes! But when did he visit you last?" said the soldier.

"Never since he went away, sir." The men whispered together again. One of them seemed angry.

"I tell you the little rebel is lying," he said fiercely.

"Nay; but perhaps the captain's shrewd wife does not let the child know when he comes home," said another.

Then Elizabeth understood instantly why she had been brought there. She had come from Mrs. Noble's house and was dressed in little Miss Eleanor's clothes. The men had taken her for Miss Eleanor and were trying to find out about Capt. Noble. In her loyal heart she resolved never, never to betray her friends, not even if the soldiers killed her for her silence. If she spoke at all she must tell the truth, for she had been taught that the man was so terrible a thing that no re-

spectable person would tell one under any consideration.

"Tell us how your father looks," said one of the men.

"He is taller than you and far more comely," said Elizabeth, promptly. "He has blue eyes and brown, curling hair and a mustache."

"You believe the child lies," cried the suspicious one again. "I have been told that the captain is dark."

"Sir," cried Elizabeth, "I would not tell a lie to save my life, nor for anything in the world."

"You are over-suspicious, Dale," said the elder man. "These little rebels are strictly brought up and regard truth as a jewel. Here, child, will you affirm, as God is hearing you, that you will tell only the truth?"

"I will," said Elizabeth, pale and trembling.

"At what time did your mother send you to bed last night?"

"Very early, sir; before eight o'clock."

"Did you hear anything after you were in bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"I was awakened by hearing someone ride up to the door."

"Did your mother talk to the person?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the voice sound like your father's?"

"No, sir. How could it be my father? He is with Washington."

"Did the person come in?"

"No, sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, sir. I heard him ride away again."

"The slippery rebel has escaped us again," muttered one of the men.

"Who do you suppose this person was?" the questioner went on.

"I think it was Peter, the fish man," said Elizabeth; "he often stops on his way home to sell mother some fish."

One of the men laughed at this, and one muttered an oath. After exchanging together for a moment they prepared to go out.

"We will go straight to Squire Thornton's," said one; "if he left home last night he is almost sure to be there."

"Please may I go, sirs?" said Elizabeth.

"No," said one, "you must remain here till we return," and they went out, locking the door after them.

Poor Elizabeth sat there for some time fearing to move, but when the dusk began to deepen, she resolved to try to escape. This was no hard task to the active child for the windows were unbarred and she soon climbed to the ground. Without pausing, she ran to Mrs. Noble's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Dear Mrs. Noble," Elizabeth gasped, "I don't know whether the captain is here or not, but if he is don't let him go to Squire Thornton's to-night, because the British soldiers are going there to look for him."

Mrs. Noble drew her in the house and soon heard the whole story. She left the room quickly and when she returned she found Elizabeth in her arms and said: "Heaven bless my child." Then in a moment she added: "But you must go home now. Your mother will surely be anxious about you."

Black Pompey, a faithful house servant, was sent as an escort this time, and Elizabeth reached home in safety. They found the mother greatly concerned over her daughter's long absence, but when she had told the story of her experience, the mother voiced her thankfulness, and praised Elizabeth for her tact and for her firmness in telling the truth.

From that day on Mrs. Noble and Elizabeth's firm friend, and the little girl's name at the big house was "The other Miss Eleanor."—Ladies' World New York.

**Washington on Partisanship.**

There is an opinion in some countries that parties are useful checks upon the administration of the government and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain bounds, probably is true, and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of popular character—in governments purely elective—it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of this spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being one sistent danger of excess the effort ought to be by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it.

Washington, in His Farewell Address.

HE HAD TRIED IT.

Billy—Oh, say, lets go up der and chop dat tree down. And when pap wants ter know who de guy was dat did it, I'll say 'twas me, pap; den praps de ole man will gib me a dime for not lyin' to 'im.

Jimmy—Naw, yer don't git me inter dat little game. I tried it on dad last year, and I never got sich a likin' in me life.

## THE GLORY OF GOD.

Each One Should Work Faithfully in His Appointed Place.

Dr. Talmage Proclaims the Importance of Religion in the Ordinary Affairs of Life—God's Common Blessings.

[Copyright, 1902, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage addresses us to do our best in the spheres where we are placed and not to wait to serve God in resounding position; text, 1 Corinthians, 10:31: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

When the apostle in this text sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for special performance of Christian duty and for regaling the religious appetite, but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldly all the rest of the week. If a steamer put out for Southampton and goes one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there. And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if during the following six days of the week he is going toward the world and toward the flesh and toward the devil how long will it take him to reach the peaceful harbor of Heaven? You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Herodism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold, up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed. I propose to plead for an everyday religion.

In the first place we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks and two or three villages are overwhelmed or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people begin to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it. I have noticed that men just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals and graveyards and tombstones and deathbeds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond and is much about the insignificant things between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or Heaven and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day when the forests are full of life, chatter, chirrup and carol—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appears in the sky, every voice stops and forests are still. Just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one had anything to say save perhaps some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said under the circumstances; so he puts one foot over the other and heaves a long sigh and says: "Oh, yes; that's so, that's so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the sunshine; it is more cheerful than the sun. Do not go around groaning about your religion when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent who attempt to talk religion and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is careless and cross and ungenerous and hard in his dealings and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it. Yet I have heard such men say in whining tones: "We are miserable sinners." "The Lord bless you." "The Lord have mercy on you." Their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting, and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with an illuminating sincerity, remembering that when two Christian people talk God gives special attention and writes down what they say; Malachi 3:16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

Again, I remark, we must bring the religion of Christ into our employment. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money or if he have an extensive traffic, but in the humble work in life that I am called to the sphere is too small for the action of such grand, heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon's cedar, and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration. When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then He will help you, as when He talked at the well curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, He will lead you, as He led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand dollars.

I think that the church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country, he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battle, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict, but the battlefield is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "St. Martin's" and "Lenten" and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plow and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only 24 hours.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking, and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it, but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Iouen have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carried out for firewood. The man of letters used to read about have disappeared before the immigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and the man who is waiting for a life bewitched with wonders will never find it. There is, however, a field of endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave, but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience and they are making you less and less a man. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say: "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your mortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for Heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than the great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say: "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One Lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everything.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarranged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Again, we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes and the harvests are in, and the governors make proclamations, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have undimmed eyesight. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch or with his empty coat sleeve pulled up before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when He gave us healthy use of our limbs. We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eye in clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow, not knowing that it is God who makes every thing, from the animalcule in the soil to the seraph on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking and enjoying, but never thinking, or seldom thinking, or, if thinking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to the brute, but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the Divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the watercourse chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the fountain of morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive! Yet who thanks God for the water that Gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascade, and that laughs over the rocks and that patters in the showers, and that claps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of the vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this soft tread of a myriad delicate nerves, the nervous tissue, this rolling of the crimson tide through the artery and vein, this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality. We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings? Your body would become an incanitation of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin, and then dry up, and thirst and hunger and anguish and despair would lift their scorpions. Oh compare such a life as that with the life you live with your families! Is it not time that, with every word of our lips and with every action of our life we began to acknowledge these every-day mercies? "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Do I address a man or a woman who has not rendered to God one single offering of thanks?

I was preaching on Thanksgiving day and announced my text—"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good and His mercy endureth forever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not, but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself as I read the text: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good." Why, I have never thanked Him any thanks! Oh, what an ingrate I have been!" Can it be, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days, that you have had clothing and shelter and all the best of earthly surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God? Oh, let a sense of the Divine goodness shown in your every day blessings melt your heart, and if you have never before uttered an earnest note of thanksgiving let it be this day which shall hear your song! What I say to one I say to all. Take this practical religion I have recommended into your everyday life. Make every day a Sabbath and every meal a sacrament and every room you enter a holy of holies. We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have duties to fight; let us courageously fight them. If you want to die right, you must live right. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will scatter its garlands and wave its scepter of triumph. Let us brood long after this earth, but put on ashes and eternal ages have gun their march. You go home to-day and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. Every one in his own place. So our every step in this shall be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstep on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.

A Great Success.

The new underground electric railway of Paris has proved such a great success that extensions of the system are contemplated.

ments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money or if he have an extensive traffic, but in the humble work in life that I am called to the sphere is too small for the action of such grand, heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon's cedar, and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration. When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then He will help you, as when He talked at the well curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, He will lead you, as He led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand dollars.

I think that the church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country, he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battle, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict, but the battlefield is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "St. Martin's" and "Lenten" and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plow and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only 24 hours.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking, and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it, but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Iouen have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carried out for firewood. The man of letters used to read about have disappeared before the immigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and the man who is waiting for a life bewitched with wonders will never find it. There is, however, a field of endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave, but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience and they are making you less and less a man. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say: "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your mortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for Heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than the great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say: "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One Lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medici got her death from smelling